

Ex-CBI Roundup

CHINA—BURMA—INDIA

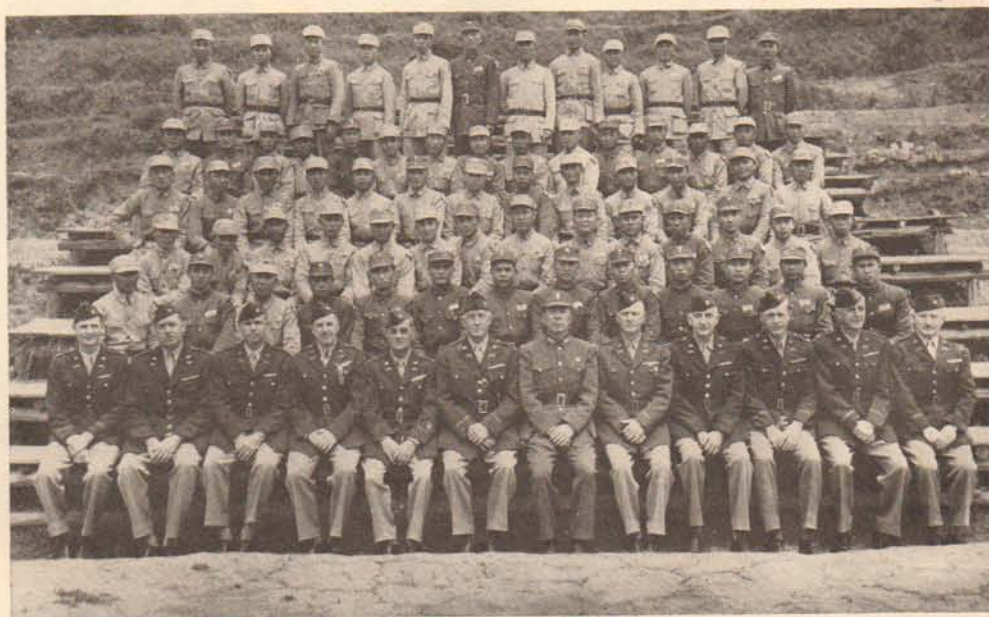


MAY
1954





A STEADY STREAM of Chinese coolies carry supplies across the Hwtung Foot Bridge, Salween River, on their way to the Sungshaw Front in Yunnan Province. U.S. Army photo July 26, 1944.



FIRST CHINESE OFFICER class of the General Staff School, ITC. In front rows are American instructors and General Chao Chia-shang, head of the student group, seventh from left. Sixth from left, front row, is Col. Norman McNeill, head of the instructional group. Photo at Kunming, May 26, 1944. U.S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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May, 1954

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly at 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Of probable small interest, your editor has been appointed sole subscription representative in the United States for The Calcutta Statesman. We frankly don't hope to sell many subscriptions as the rate for the air mail digest of news runs nearly \$18.00 per year. The paper is received here about four days after publication in Calcutta.

● We are overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of a number of subscribers who have, in recent months, secured publicity for Ex-CBI Roundup by writing editors of newspapers, sending news releases to dailies, getting spot announcements on radio and TV, and one reader had a number of postal cards printed — telling about Roundup — which he mailed to every man in his CBI outfit. All of this has aided circulation greatly. We're very humble with gratitude.

● Negotiations are under way for the purchase of an excellent binder to hold back issues of Ex-CBI Roundup. The original cardboard binder sold to thousands of readers proved to be unsatisfactory and an adjustment will be made to those purchasers. The new binder, which we are attempting to have manufactured to our specifications, will hold 24 copies permanently in book form for easy reading and reference. It should be ready in the next 30 days or so at which time an announcement will appear in Roundup.

● This month's cover shows M/Sgt. Fred Friendly about to board an ATC plane from New Delhi to Gaya where he gave one of his many talks in CBI. Friendly is the "One GI" in Sinclair's story, appearing in this issue.



A Bit Too Far?

● The picture of the mem-sahib following the cow on page 21 of the April issue was going a bit too far, don't you think? I've admired the magazine for nostalgic memories during the five years I've been a subscriber, but there are some things they do in India that shouldn't be publicized. Remember, many children of CBI vets also read Roundup. I hope I have not offended you. . . .

Rev. PAUL J. KELLY,
New York, N.Y.

Thanks From V.A.H.

● Thank you so much for making it possible for us to receive back issues and a one-year subscription to Ex-CBI Roundup, through the generosity of Mr. John Tomich of Summit, Ill. The magazines will be placed in our library and also placed on the ward bookcarts so that they will reach all patients. We are sure that those veterans who have had experience in the CBI theatre of war will be pleased with your magazine.

D. K. DALAGER, Mgr.,
V. A. Hospital,
Albuquerque, N.M.

475th Infantry

● Would like to hear from someone who served with Co. G, 2nd Platoon, 2nd Bn. of the 475th Infantry.

A. TURCHET, Jr.,
920 Brown St.,
Napa, Calif.

782nd M.P. Bn.

● Does anyone have a roster of the 782nd M.P. Bn. and the 172nd M.P. Co.? Those were my outfits in CBI and I sure would appreciate hearing from any of those fellows.

TOM F. FITZSIMMONS,
252 W. 46 St.,
New York, N.Y.

MAY, 1954

Generalissimo's Party

● Was in a small group attached to the 1712th Signal Service Bn. near Chungking. Wonder if anyone remembers the party that Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek gave at the big house near Chungking? Believe there were 300 of us attending. Everyone was given a good luck charm. The officers were always trying to trade for the EM's charms as they looked a little better.

LAVERNE KONSDORF,
Belvidere, Ill.

234th General Hospital

● Still waiting to see some pictures and a story about the 234th General Hospital. Spent two years in Chabua and would like to see a story on it Also like to know when you are going to do a story about the great work Melvyn Douglas did? He brought a lot of good shows to the 234th General Hospital.

JERRY LAROTONDA,
Beacon, N.Y.

CBI and EHRET GLASSES

\$5.95 per Set

See Back Cover March issue

Donnan & Massey
Box 41 Haddonfield, N. J.



IN VICTORIA PARK, Calcutta, GI's of the 145th Ordnance Co. prepare assembly line of 3/4-ton weapons carriers. U.S. Army photo, April 5, 1944.

4th Combat Cargo

● On my fourth renewal. Want to express my appreciation of the vast improvement in our publication. The "fly boys" and ground grippers of the 14th Squadron and 349th Airdrome Sq. of the 4th Combat Cargo Group will probably be surprised to know that the ex-Engineering officer, ex-Capt. Friedson, is now owner of Jerome & Associates, best painting and decorating contractors in Kansas City.

JEROME FRIEDSON,
Kansas City, Mo.

Air Transport Command

● Was in CBI for 2½ years with the Air Transport Command. Would like very much to see an article written about ATC. Enjoy reading Roundup very much, and it never occurred to me that there were so many other organizations in the CBI until I started reading Ex-CBI Roundup. Would like to hear from any of the fellows I was stationed with. Served as medical officer at Chabua, Jorhat, Hastings Mill, Barrackpore, Calcutta, Bombay, Gaya, Kunming, Tezgaon and Kurmitola.

N. C. DENTON, M.D.,
Anniston, Ala.

51st Fighter Control

● Was with the 51st Fighter Control Squadron based at Kanjikoah, Assam, midway between Panitola and Chabua. Our mission was to set up air warning stations throughout Northern Burma to warn others of impending attacks by Japanese aircraft. My tour in CBI was from March 1942 to September 1944. Still wear the CBI patch on my right shoulder and proud of it.

JULIAN HOLBACK,
Oakland, Calif.



ELEPHANTIASIS VICTIM sits on broken charpois while soliciting for baksheesh on Chowringhee Road, Calcutta. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

CBI AG Officer

● Was formerly Executive Officer at Malir Cant., Karachi, Asst. Theatre Adjutant General, New Delhi; Asst. Theatre Adjutant General, Chungking; Special Staff Officer in Charge of Interpreters Affairs, CBI, Chungking; Special Staff Officer in Charge of Interpreter Affairs in China Theatre and concurrently in India-Burma Theatre.

COL. L. B. THOMPSON,
Livingston, N.J.



CHINESE DOCTOR of the 2nd Field Hospital cares for a wounded soldier at treatment station near Sin Kai, Yunnan, during the Salween Campaign. U.S. Army photo.

'Greatest Pilgrimage'

● The story, "India's Greatest Pilgrimage" (March issue) was very interesting. It seems hard to imagine five million people attending a religious festival in one city. I read in the newspaper a month or so ago that several hundred people were trampled to death trying to cross a bridge while some religious affair was going on.

ARTHUR L. DAWSON,
Tucson, Ariz.



INDIAN DRINKS from goatskin bag carried by pani-wallah. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

Gift Subscription

● Please send a year's subscription to the V. A. Hospital at Waukesha, Wis. This hospital has come to know our organization quite well by the work of our Auxiliary. Many of the boys there are CBI vets.

WISCONSIN CBI CLUB,
Milwaukee Auxiliary,
Milwaukee, Wis.

'Year of Horse'

● Am on the trail of one of the doggondest stories ever. This happens to be the "Year of The Horse" in Chinese chronology. Back in 1947 three Sino officers on mission here bought 25 Morgan horses. Shipment reached Shanghai Oct. 22, 1947. Question is where are these horses now? Is Mao riding Magellan on constitutional? Are they on Formosa? Did they flee the Reds and their cavalry on a "long march" in reverse thru the Kansu grasslands to Guerilla country in the south? Wha hoppon? Need all the color and background I can get for this story. Would like to hear from anyone who was in the Vet Corps in CBI during the war, or anyone who worked with horses over there.

GEORGE B. RUSSELL,
25 W. 8th St.,
New York 11, N.Y.

April Cover

● When the April issue arrived, I thought it was some literature for horse lovers! The animal looked like the main subject of the April issue, not the uniformed Indian.

JOSEPH S. CAMPBELL,
Mobile, Ala.

The April cover showed a mounted policeman of Calcutta with his horse.—Ed.



MISS WINNIE SHORT, National CBI Rice Paddy Queen of 1953, appears to be surrounded by costumed Reunion delegates on the lawn of the Nation's Capitol. Actually the CBI-ers superimposed on the photos in this article were delegates to previous CBI Reunions.

Plan a "Capitol" Vacation!

You'll never forget those days
In Washington. The Capital City
Is Made to Order for a Reunion



MOUNT VERNON, 15 miles from Washington. The house and surrounding grounds are just as George and Martha planned them. At right, Gene Brauer, Vince Venuti, (unidentified) and Joe Pohorsky.

THE OUTLOOK for attendance at the 1954 Reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association at Washington, D.C., next August 5-6-7-8, is better than any previous year!

There are three reasons why it should be the biggest Reunion of them all: 1. More CBI veterans reside within 150 miles of Washington than in the rest of the nation combined. 2. CBIVA Reunions have been gathering momentum in attendance each year. 3. There are enough "inviting" sights to be seen in the area to make for a grand vacation, combined with the opportunity to attend a wonderful gathering of people with one thing in common—they're all veterans of the CBI Theatre.

Over four million people visit Washington each year. It's an ideal place for a family vacation, for there you'll find education, entertainment, and thrills; be-

sides, it's quite inexpensive, since admission to most memorials, museums, and other public buildings is free.

Many CBI-ers will arrive by car; others by bus, trains and air. Round-trip train fare from Chicago, for example, is \$50.65 (coach); by bus, \$34.27. Fares include tax. The B & O Railroad and American Bus-lines have scheduled tours that cover Washington as well as New York City.

The historic, century-old Hotel Willard will be Reunion Headquarters. Most delegates will be housed here, any "overflow" in nearby hotels. There are many restaurants in the area — O'Donnell's, the Occidental, and Fan and Bill's are famous, but somewhat on the expensive side. Sholl's Cafeteria, S & W chain cafeteria, and Benny's restaurant, down near the wharf and featuring window service, have delicious food, yet are inexpensive in price. Hall's is the oldest sea food restaurant.

If you don't have your own car, you can get a taxi at \$1.20 per person per hour. For four or more the rate is \$1 each per hour. The city has 10,000 taxi-cabs and most drivers serve as guides. Fares on the Capital Transit Co. are 17c each or \$2.40 for a weekly pass. The weekly pass sounds like a good economical way to see the city from a tram. You may also pick up a guide at the Capitol to go with you in your own car for \$2.50 per hour. Many agencies have conducted tours. The Gray Line offers ten different tours. An all-day tour, including fees and luncheon is only \$9.50; shorter tours run from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

However, sight-seeing will probably be more fun in your own car, if you first go to the Greater National Capital Committee and pick up a free city guide or buy a 35c city guide and study it.

One-way streets, circles and clover-leaves are numerous, though well-marked. But don't get too panicky. Police and



PICTURESQUE HOTEL WILLARD, Headquarters for the CBI Reunion in Washington. Most delegates will be housed here, in air-conditioned comfort.

natives are patient and forgiving, for tourists are big business.

Washington can be superficially covered in three days, but to do it justice stay a week.

There are so many things to see and do in the Capitol City it would require an entire issue of Roundup to go into much detail. But while there you'll want to see the Capitol, Library of Congress, Supreme Court Building, Senate Office Building, Botanical Gardens, Washington Monument, White House, Corcoran Art Gallery, Lincoln Memorial, U.S. Printing Office, National Zoological Park, Naval Observatory, Smithsonian Institute, New Museum, Arlington Memorial Cemetery (CBI Memorial Services will be held here), Pentagon Building, Mount Vernon, and Jefferson Memorial.

Of course, there is much more to see and do, but that will come later.

Without a doubt the program for the 7th Annual CBI Reunion will be excellent. Members of the General Joseph W. Stilwell Basha of the CBI Veterans Assn. have been working hard during the past year to assure delegates of a wonderful time.

There'll be more on the Reunion in later issues of Roundup, but plan now to attend the 1954 session in Washington. Plan to take your vacation at the same time and see some of the wonderful sights in Washington and the surrounding area.

—THE END.



A SIX-MILLION DOLLAR remodeling job, started in 1948, restored the White House inside and out. You'll want to take your own snaps of it. After all, you're one of the owners!

Government Buildings

● On page 2 of the April issue you show an air view of New Delhi to which the caption indicates the buildings are occupied by the Indian government. It looks to me like the circle of stores in the business district of New Delhi. Someone who was in Delhi longer than I will possibly know.

RAYMOND R. GREENE,
Long Island, N.Y.

Combat Headquarters

● Was a member of the G-2 Section, Northern Combat Area Command, from March 1944 to Oct. 1945. I joined Combat Headquarters at Mainkwan and went all the way down the road to Bhamo. During this time I collected many pictures and a complete photographic history of the campaign.

ZAVIE C. LEAR,
Mnpls., Minn.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer
MEMBER OF
General Stilwell Basha
Record of Invention Forms
FREE UPON REQUEST
507 Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.



AREA "A" THEATER at Goya, India. This outdoor job was better than the average in CBI. Photo by Ray Heath.

Pic of Old Outfit

● I was very happy upon receiving the March issue to find a picture of my old outfit. The picture on page 14, of the chow line of the 2nd Platoon, B Company, 432nd Signal Heavy Construction Bn. was very familiar because I was the platoon sergeant of this outfit from the time of its activation in March 1943 until I returned home from China on points late in 1945. This was a hard-working outfit engaged in building a telephone pole line through India, Burma and China, over some of the most rugged terrain in the world. One of our most difficult

jobs was stringing wire in India during the monsoon of 1944, where the men waded in water up to their necks and sometimes used boats to get to the poles. It was a pleasure to work with these boys. Although it is more than eight years since I returned home I still have many fond memories of my life with this platoon. Would like to hear from anyone of the 432nd.

HAROLD L. WITTE,
1327 Bennett,
Janesville, Wis.



MEN OF THE 779th Engineer Petroleum Distribution Co., aided by Chinese coolies, are burying 4-inch pipeline which brought 100-octane gasoline from Calcutta to airfield in Yunnan. U.S. Army photo, Dec. 4, 1944.

Back Issues!

PRICE 25c EACH

1948

☐ Sept.,

1949

☐ Sept., ☐ Dec.,

1950

☐ June

☐ Sept.,

☐ Nov.,

1952

☐ Jan.,

☐ Mar.,

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1954

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1953

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☐ Sept.,

☐ Oct.,

☐ Nov.,

☐ Dec.,

The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.

Hot Celebration

● May I congratulate you on the article "Salween River Offensive" in the March issue. With the appearance of this story I was able to dispell the fantasy that we of the Chinese Combat Command in China had not actually participated in the shooting war. It also revealed the fact that our miseries incurred during those days were a portion of the aid to the eventual victory over the Japs. There is one small incident that I hope you will publish eventually—the story of the celebration of the opening of the last link in the Ledo-Burma road, which took place on Jan. 28, 1945, at Wanting, China. With the assembled high brass of both China and our forces gathered in an open field, the Japs—located on a hill about 750 yards from the assembly—zeroed in on the celebration with artillery fire. Gen. Wedemeyer and Chennault, T. V. Soong and all other assorted high brass forgetting their dignity took off like the rest of us seeking a hole. Through the capable direction of Major John Pakulla and his radio, who was the 11th Chinese Army Group Army Air-Ground Liaison Officer, a flight of Mustangs of the 14th Air Force which was flying cover for the celebration went to work on the concealed Jap battery and



GOVERNOR LUNG overlooks Yunnan Province from a gun position on his provincial government building. U.S. Army photo, Dec. 13, 1944.

made short work of same. This proved the value of ground direction for planes very emphatically to the assembled brass. In closing, Pakulla was the only one in the throng who did not seek cover. Upon completion of the planes' job, the speechmaking resumed. HERMAN H. FRIEDBERG, Lt. Col. Inf., Boston, Mass.

Cover Description

● Your cover pictures are excellent, but would it be possible to include in each issue a description of the cover subject?

GEORGE A. PARKER, Reno, Nev.

From now on.—Ed.

Ohio Basha

● Anyone interested in forming a Basha in this Southeastern part of Ohio please contact me.

WINFIELD BURKE,
Route 5,
Chillicothe, Ohio

Ray Alford Dead

● Our local newspaper reported the death of Raymond B. Alford, former M/Sgt. who served in Burma from 1943-45. He had been in ill health since 1945, the paper stated.

H. A. TAENNLER,
Ridgeway, Pa.

Engineers Blamed?

● A very interesting story appeared in the December and January issues, "Delay in Burma, Disaster in China," written by Air Force men. The 209th Engineer Combat Bn. and 236th Engineer Combat Bn. as usual seemed to be blamed for failure to capture Myitkyina sooner than expected. The original overseas Roundup also had the same opinion. As far as I know, the 209th had no man in the outfit who had ever seen combat before and it seemed natural to make some mistakes.

JOHN P. STEFKA,
Bronx, N.Y.



VIEW OF THE Red Fort at New Delhi. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

Some Generals and One G.I. ★ ★ ★



Generals Caused Trouble and Also Were Good for Laughs, The Same As Some Sergeants, Especially One

By **BOYD SINCLAIR**
(Copyright 1950)

GENERAL Joseph W. Stilwell was the only CBI commander. When he was recalled to the United States in October, 1944, his successors inherited smaller kingdoms.

Lt. Gen. Daniel I. Sultan, who was put in command of India-Burma at the time CBI was split into China and India-Burma Theaters, was not as colorful a man as Stilwell, but he had peculiarities of constitution and temperament that made him interesting. Sultan was an inveterate solitaire player, having played a particular game daily since 1922. The game re-



LT. GEN. DAN I. SULTAN inspects an 81mm mortar and crew in the field at Myitkyina. U.S. Army photo.

quired two decks of cards, and in more than 20 years he had used only three sets of decks. He maintained that no deck of cards was any good until it was four

years old. He was an old poker player who bought his first automobile out of his winnings in 1914.

Sultan was not socially inclined, but he gave parties required of him in an easy, courtly, slightly old-school Southern style. One of his aides described him as "formally informal and very much the Southern gentleman, especially during social occasions." He loved to go sightseeing and went on tours to look around a locality at the slightest provocation. He was particularly interested in native fruit and vegetable markets and had a passion for avacados, papaya, and mangoes. He believed in seeing the best part of a city and then the worst, and from the two he felt he got the full picture of the locality. Sultan was extremely punctual and expected others to be the same. He worked long hours and took little time off. One of his best known cracks was made at 5:30 o'clock one Sunday afternoon as he walked out of the door at his headquarters.

"I guess I'll take the week-end off," he said with resignation.

Sultan was known as the man "who looked like a bulldog and walked like a bear." He was relatively expressionless, even during excitement, and usually expressed displeasure by drumming on his desk with his fingers. In his work, Sultan expected staff papers to be brief and to the point. He did not always understand things immediately. Once he sent for his G-3 to explain to him all of the theater boundary lines. The G-3 brought in the map which showed all the theaters of war and their boundaries and explained it very carefully to Sultan. Finishing, the officer asked him if there was anything else. Sultan replied, "That's all. But I still don't understand it."

Sultan very rarely showed irritation at anything, but there was one habit which people indulge in everywhere that brought his displeasure to the surface. He objected to anyone's trying to explain to him the contents of a paper or document while he was trying to read it. The same G-3 who explained the maps to him found that out one day. He brought Sultan a paper and started to tell him what

was in it as he was reading. Sultan suddenly slapped the paper down and exclaimed:

"For Christ's sake, will you let me read!"

Another thing which annoyed him was when he perspired, which he did easily.

Sultan would not accept a cigarette from anybody. This was not because he wanted to be discourteous, but because he felt that he smoked too much, and he wanted to keep count on the ones he was smoking. He tried to keep to two packs a day, but admitted that he slipped on occasions. Sultan had an unlimited curiosity. He once tossed his aides into some confusion by demanding an answer to the question:

"At what revolutions per minute do you start seeing through a fan without seeing the individual blades?"

Sultan had physical daring. Once while in North Burma he rescued a horse from the Irrawaddy River. The general and an officer companion were watching some Chinese troops cross the Irrawaddy in a ferry. A boat containing a horse capsized and for a full 30 minutes the horse swam around in the river in a panic, confused by rescue boats coming in from all directions. Sultan finally ordered all the boats ashore, jumped in a boat, ordered his officer companion to handle the boat, went out into the middle of the river, rescued the horse and hauled him ashore where the others had failed.

Probably the funniest thing that ever happened to Sultan during the war did not happen in CBI, but in Cairo, Egypt. A radiogram on his estimated time of arrival said, "Sultan and party arriving." The local American commander, thinking he was going to receive a real, live sultan, complete with fez and harem, turned out the palace guard. When bulldog-looking Sultan and two aides arrived minus harem, the commander was so surprised that he voiced his disappointment.

Sultan's personal aircraft, unlike Stilwell's **Uncle Joe's Chariot**, had a name more fitting to the East. His plane was called **Sultan's Magic Carpet**, but in some quarters it was called **D.I.'s Rug**.

The next commander in the theater was Lt. Gen. R. A. Wheeler, who had been one of the first general officers in the CBI Theater, having set up the Services of Supply in early 1942. Wheeler was in Bagdad in 1942 when he received a coded message from the War Department sent in the highest priority. The "snafu" brought about by this coded message was something that seemed to amuse



IN CONFERENCE at New Delhi are Maj. Gen. Vernon Evans; Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Terry and Lt. Gen. Raymond A. Wheeler. U.S. Army photo.

Wheeler when he told Sgt. Art Heenan of **Roundup** about it on the occasion of his becoming the theater commander.

"Unfortunately, this coded message was not in the same code that had been given to me," he told Heenan. "I went up to the American consulate in Basra, but they couldn't decode it, either. I wired the War Department, explaining the situation, and was told to see the consulate in Basra. I wired back I had done that already and he couldn't help. So they sent me back a wire in my own code explaining the key of the other code," he laughed. "It turned out the message was an order assigning me to set up the Services of Supply for the newly-organized CBI Theater." So SOS had its troubles from the start. Wheeler arrived in Karachi on March 9, 1942. He had little time to dream up a set-up, for the first 10th Air Force elements arrived four days later. All they had to fight a war with were their barracks bags, so Wheeler began requisitioning goods piled up on the docks.

It was only a month later that Wheeler arranged what was probably the first lend-lease in any theater overseas. Wheeler went to Delhi and asked an official of the government of India if it would not be possible to give supplies to the Americans in India and credit them against the goods that were being received on lend-lease. The Indian government official agreed. After ascertaining that the official had the authority to make the commitment, Wheeler wired Washington for permission. It was granted, and debit lend-lease, as it was known then, shortly became a fact.

One of the stories told about Wheeler by Heenan, who was a sincere booster of the general, was the tale of how he calmed a rank-happy colonel by his example. The colonel, it seems, was a

stickler for military courtesy, even letting it interfere with the work by going beyond the bounds prescribed by military custom. Every man who had to consult the colonel on business must salute and stand at attention, even if he were bringing up papers every 10 minutes. Every time the colonel left the office and returned, he had an adjutant handy who would call attention, and everyone would have to take time off and rise.

One day Wheeler, according to the story, dropped into this office unnoticed, went over to a sergeant he knew, tapped him on the shoulder and asked him how he was. Then someone identified the visitor and called attention, but before anyone could move, the general waved them to their seats, telling them, according to the story, that there was too much work to be done. Knowing that most of the men were newly arrived, Wheeler asked them how they liked the 116-in-the-shade Indian heat, then departed in as natural a manner as he had entered. According to the boys, the colonel must have sensed a higher policy, as the aura of strict formality disappeared.

Before he became CBI commander, Wheeler was deputy supreme commander of SEAC under Lord Louis Mountbatten, and traveled 6,000 to 8,000 miles a month around Southeast Asia in his plane, **Flyspeck**, according to Maj. John Jones, an old Merrill Marauder, his aide. The name of his plane was based on his nickname, "Speck," and the way in which he acquired it. He received this nickname while attending West Point, where it was said that he knew his lessons so well that he had even memorized the flyspecks.

The general had a keen sense of humor and a dislike for statistics, and he combined the two to create one of his best-known statements: "If all statisticians were laid end to end, it would be a damn good thing."

Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Terry, former head of the Second Service Command in the U. S., inherited Wheeler's job as theater commander when Wheeler was recalled to the States in October 1945. Terry inherited the headache of demobilization and the closing out of the theater right in the middle of the job. He did some things that made him unpopular, but probably no man could have done the job to the satisfaction of any individual unless he gave that individual orders to go home immediately. Terry did not finish his job, serving only about four months in his capacity as theater commander, on account of a serious automobile accident near Delhi, which sent him home to the U. S. for hospitalization.

Terry was an avid football fan, and one of his chief interests in **Roundup** was to get Stateside football scores over the weekends. Shortly after he arrived in Delhi, the general sent word to **Roundup** that he wanted the football scores Saturday afternoon, momentarily forgetting that his request was impossible. It was **Roundup's** painful job to diplomatically inform the general's messenger that, owing to the distance, communication, and the difference in time between that of India and the United States, the scores would not be available before Sunday afternoon.

A general officer's name that became a by-word in CBI, if not all over the world, was Maj. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, leader of the first American ground forces to fight the Japs on the continent of Asia. The chief of the Marauders was a general who came up from the ranks, being pulled out as an enlisted man to attend West Point. During the North Burma campaign, Merrill led his troops in their more than 700-mile trek through Assam and Burma. He walked out with Stilwell from Burma in 1942.

One of the best stories told about Merrill was chronicled by Pvt. First Class Jimmy F. O'Malley, a personable Irishman who had a flair for remembering and telling jungle stories. He told his story about Merrill when he was a patient at one of the pill factories along the Ledo Road. He recalled the time when his outfit, a field hospital, was set up at a jungle village. The sharp crack of rifle fire was only a few miles ahead. One day a jeep bounced up the combat trail. A soldier stepped out of the vehicle, nothing distinguishing him from the GIs around the place. He called to a figure striding out of a nearby tent.

"Which way to Yubang?"

The soldier addressed responded quickly.

"Haven't the slightest idea."

"You mean you don't know what's up ahead?" the fellow from the jeep quickly retorted.

He got an equally snappy reply.

"Why don't you find out where you're going before you start?"

Tempers mounted and the inquiring traveler asked, "Who are you anyway?"

As confident as a man about to lay down four aces, the second soldier replied, "I'm Major Merrill of the medics. Who are you?"

Without batting an eyelash, the other soldier said, "I'm General Merrill of the Infantry."

A salute came up quickly and was returned. According to O'Malley, both men smiled and departed friends only to meet again later. General Merrill became ill at the front, and after being removed to a nearby hospital, the first man who attended him was Maj. Willis B. Merrill. They became good friends, O'Malley recalled. The general autographed the stock of his battle carbine and presented it to the man who had first argued with and later administered to him.

The kind of man Merrill was can be ascertained by two paragraphs gleaned from his goodbye message when he left CBI.

"To all the numerous people who did the work for which I may have received credit, I extend my thanks for what they have done. There are a great bunch of men in India-Burma who have worked without brass bands playing to get the impossible done.

"Particularly to the GIs of the theater—from the sergeant of the 45th Engineers who showed me how a sawmill could be operated from nothing, to the MP sergeant in Delhi who arrested me for having my cap on the side of my head—I am saying goodbye with regret."

A colorful character among the generals was Maj. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, builder of the Ledo Road, which was called Pick's Pike, after him. The general was widely known as "The Old Man with the Stick," and "Old Mud and Ruts." Pick once almost lost his life and did lose his brand new twin-engined plane while

"Dangerous business, operating engineering equipment under Jap fire," Pick remarked.

Ballowe's reply was a hoarse shout.

"Look out, general!"

Pick whirled around and was confronted with a C-47 cargo plane, out of control, careening crazily off the landing strip into the area. Rank and dignity were forgotten as everyone, to quote the general, "got the hell out of there."

The C-47 crashed into the general's plane, crushing it like an egg shell, and continued on its path of destruction for another 50 yards, crashing against the grader where the general had been standing. The general's private seat in the plane, ripped to pieces by the propellor of the C-47, was mute testimony of Pick's narrow escape, for had the accident occurred a few minutes later, the general would have been seated in the plane. As battle-grimed American infantrymen, Chinese soldiers and Chindits milled about the wreckage, Ballowe elbowed his way up to the general.

"Sir," he grinned, "flying is a dangerous business, too."

Brig. Gen. George W. Sliney was an officer rich in CBI experience. He spent 40 consecutive months in the theater before he left for home. He was a subscriber to the homily that truth is stranger than fiction.

Sliney, a lieutenant colonel in 1942, was right up there along with one of the members of the almost-forgotten Magruder Mission. He was one of the members of "Uncle Joe's" walk-out party from Burma. Also in the group was a British officer, a Colonel Dykes. Sliney had left Dykes at Katha, in Burma, on the walkout. The years rolled by, and the British 36th Division wrested Katha from the Japs. Sliney made a sentimental visit to the Irrawaddy River town, and while looking out on the stream, the general became aware of a tiny boat crossing toward him. Manning the boat was the self-same Briton, Colonel Dykes, who had left him at the same spot almost three years before. Dykes had led a unit of Ghurkas across the Imphal plain and at that moment had linked forces with the right flank of Maj. Gen. F. W. Festing's 36th Division.

Sliney had a number of narrow escapes, but the closest came, not on the ground, but in the air. Aloft in a tiny L-5 spotting for his artillery during the North Burma campaign, the little ship was attacked by a Jap Zero. The plane would have been a clay pigeon for the Jap, but fortunately for Sliney, there were some



BRIG. GEN. Lewis A. Pick (center-left) confers with Lt. Gen. Wheeler at Ledo as Col. Wm. R. Ziegler (left) looks on. U.S. Army photo.

touring the forward areas. Pick stopped to chat with Pvt. First Class Glenn Ballowe of Chicago, operator of a road grader on the airstrip at Myitkyina.

handy clouds in which the general found refuge.

There was one story that Sliney's jeep was the first vehicle to reach the Burma Road, the first to end the blockade that had existed since April 1942. While the first India-to-China convoy was waiting for the Chinese 38th Division and Col. Rothwell H. Brown's tanks to clear the Ledo Road, Sliney grew impatient. He



GENERAL GEORGE SLINEY (right) plans advance for the 72nd Brigade. Others are (l. to r.) Lt. Col. T. N. Dupuy, Maj. Elmo V. Slusher and Maj. Robert J. Faust. U.S. Army photo.

and his jeep moved cautiously ahead of the mopping-up activities to reach Mong Yu, junction of the roads. He was greeted enthusiastically at the intersection by Chinese in faded blue padded garments, soldiers of the Salween forces who had captured Wanting and pushed west.

The mark of a good general to **Roundup** was whether or not a good story could be told about him. Maj. Gen. Howard C. Davidson filled the bill with at least two. When the Texan came out to CBI to replace Maj. Gen. Clayton L. Bissell as commander of the 10th Air Force, the cloud of secrecy enveloping his arrival was so thick that even the sharp knife of the Army Postal System couldn't cut through it. Before Davidson arrived, the APO received a letter addressed to him. The APO just stamped "Addressee unknown" on the envelope and was preparing to return the letter to the sender when somebody at the post office read in **The Statesman**, one of India's leading newspapers, that the addressee was the new commander of the 10th Air Force.

What happened to Davidson and some GIs in a Red Cross reading and writing room led **Roundup** to plump for what it considered a long-overdue Army reform. After the incident, **Roundup** instituted a short campaign for silver stars equipped

with softly-pealing bells to signify unmistakably the presence of august military leaders. Davidson made an informal visit to the Red Cross recreation room, and when he came in, the Red Cross hostess met him near a writing desk at which two privates were pouring out their thoughts on paper from opposite sides of the table.

"How are you fixed for paper?" Davidson asked the hostess. He was in back of one of the GIs, who had run out of words and was striving for something that would pass the censor. The writer thought the question was directed at him by some fellow soldier.

"Here you are, Joe," answered the private, never looking up to see to whom he was extending a couple sheets of paper over his shoulder. "I'm having trouble enough filling up the sheets I have."

The general, quickly grasping the situation, took the sheets with a smile. Meanwhile, the GI across the table had looked up, and the expression on his face was the first inkling that the cooperative GI had that he was having a little chat with a general. **Roundup's** conclusion was that if "generals wore bells, the announcement of their approach would save a lot of wear and tear on GI nerves."

Stray generals were always causing this kind of trouble. For instance, **Roundup** got a letter from a GI who wrote: "Last week I caught hell from a second lieutenant for not saluting him, even though he was on a bicycle. Three days later I saluted a brigadier general, who was also riding a bike. As he tried to return the salute, he lost control of the bike and ended up in a ditch. Brother, did I catch hell from him! Just what the hell am I supposed to do?"

Staff Sgt. Karl Peterson, who was answering letters that week, replied in his usually good, brief style: "Salute 'em all, soldier, let the bodies fall where they may."

Pvt. First Class John Koralia of the 1311th Base Unit of ATC had his little experience with the heavy brass and resolved that in the future he would keep his eye peeled for wandering generals. Koralia, PX wallah for his base, was back of the counter and happily whistling when the general emerged. Hearing the GI's lip-puckered melody, the two-star wearer commented, "Well, I guess somebody's happy to be here in India."

Koralia, without turning, responded, "Hell, yes, I've found a home here. In fact, I've never had it so good." Then he turned. He saw two stars and an outstretched hand.

"My name's C. R. Smith. What's yours?"

said a voice, which seemed to Koralia at that moment to come from a distance. According to **Roundup's** reporter, Koralia furtively eyed his single stripe for some time.

A brush with rank that brought out a little more irony happened in New Delhi on Connaught Circle just a few yards from CBI Theater headquarters. Two sergeants were hurrying along early one morning when they passed by a man in a U. S. Army officer's uniform. When they told the story on themselves they declared that they were in a hurry and did not see the man in the officer's uniform. When the officer stopped them, he turned out to be a brigadier general, and to prove it, he had a star on his collar.

"Men, I don't mind your not saluting me when you passed," said the general in sardonic tones; "but I would like for you at least to say good morning."

A COMMUNICATIONS major with the 14th Air Force in China had his little embarrassing moment with a general from a distance, the major on the ground and the general in the air. Radio communications men just couldn't stand to hear pilots violate their carefully worked out "sound sequences." The communications major with Randall's Raiders, a fighter wing, was no exception to the rule when his ground station called a fighter in the air and received the acknowledgement, "Roger Dodger, over and out," thus violating all the tenets of the trade.

Keeping himself under strict control, the major tried again, but he got the same results. Finally, boiling over at this flippancy from the air, he roared into the mike, "I'm a major, and I'm giving you a direct order to use correct R/T."

Replied the pilot: "Roger Dodger. I'm a general. Over and out."

Probably there was never a sergeant in the entire Army who was mistaken for a general except Sgt. John A. Buck, a GI photographer of the Signal Corps. Grant was a good buck sergeant who was going about his daily task when he was suddenly saluted by a second lieutenant. He was momentarily startled, but he dismissed it from his mind quickly, lieutenants being what they were. But when majors and colonels began throwing him highballs first, he stopped short and tried to view himself from a distant perspective, as it were. If he had had a full-length mirror handy, he no doubt would have proceeded to give his reflection a thorough inspection.

The sergeant had been covering the

North Burma campaign with his camera. He had photographed dead Japs, bunkers, equipment, and everything he could find of interest. At a warehouse he visited he picked up a Jap sun helmet, his cloth cap being damp from a recent monsoon shower. He placed the helmet on his head, folded his camera, and started for the airport to catch a plane and carry his exposed film back to the laboratory. On the way back to the airport the sergeant passed a second lieutenant who snapped to attention and whipped off a brisk salute. A few paces farther on, a grizzled major gave him a highball. Grant stopped to let this all sink in. As he stood there, a lieutenant colonel approached, saluted, and passed on. The sergeant gazed after the retreating form of the colonel for quite a time, inspected his damp, dirty coveralls, secured a grip on his camera case and plodded on.

"I don't look like 'Uncle Joe'," thought he. "Besides, he wears a campaign hat."

After what happened at the plane, he knew beyond the shadow of a doubting sergeant that something was terribly wrong. A British brigadier grabbed his camera case and said, "Here, let me help you on the plane, old chap."

It was not until the plane was in the air that the mystery was solved. After the takeoff, the sergeant removed the Jap sun helmet to scratch his puzzled head. There on the front of his newly-acquired headgear gleamed a single silver star.

The sergeant kept the Rising Sun helmet, but before long the Rising Sun star had set safely in his pocket.

There were a lot of interesting characters among CBI Air Force generals, in-



MAJ. GEN. HOWARD C. DAVIDSON (center) discusses air support with Lt. E. L. Sanford (left) and Lt. R. J. Boyle. U.S. Army photo.

cluding baseball-playing Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, Maj. Gen. Curtis E. (The Cigar) LeMay, Brig. Gen. Laverne G. (Blondy) Saunders, and Brig. Gen. Clinton D. (Casey) Vincent, one of the youngest generals in the Air Force, and distinguished as the prototype for *Colonel Vince Casey*, character in Milt Caniff's cartoon strip, *Terry and the Pirates*. Their accomplishments would fill a book, but the Air Force general *Roundup* got the most information on was Maj. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer, who headed the British and American combined air units known as the Eastern Air Command. Strat, as he was called, went on, after the war with the Japs had ended, to head the Air Force in China.

It was while Stratemeyer was chieftain of the EAC that *Roundup* was deluged by an efficient EAC public relations department on the merits and every-day doings of Strat. The public relations section really did a good job — too good. While *Roundup* always predicted that something like what did happen would happen, it didn't count upon its happening to meticulous *Life* magazine. The busy beavers who formed the general's PRO staff used to unleash a veritable torrent of Strat's pictures to *Roundup*. As *Roundup* viewed the matter, if it received enough photographs, it would eventually publish one, and it did throw in one once in awhile just to clean out the Stratemeyer file.

Then came one hot, summer day in August when Delhi was in its dolours, suffering from the heat and lack of news worth printing. That was the day the PRO wallahs reached their pinnacle. A member of *Roundup's* staff was sitting idly thumbing through the August 20, 1945, edition of *Life*. Suddenly he jumped up out of his chair in spite of the heat. He felt as if a bhisti had dumped a leather sack of cold water on him. There, big as life, were two pictures of the general on a double-page spread depicting the leaders of the Pacific and Far East war. Grimly resolute, the face of Stratemeyer appeared above a caption which explained that he was the air commander in CBI. Immediately next to it was another picture captioned, "Charles Stone, major general, is now leader of the 14th Air Force." Smiling benignly into the camera lens was none other than Lt. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer instead of Stone.

"Ah, perseverance," murmured Sgt. Ralph J. Somerville of *Roundup* as he rushed to the Indian engraver with another Stratemeyer picture.

When the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, CBI looked around to see if it did not have at least a little something to do with it. It looked pretty dark

for awhile, but finally an old CBI general rescued theater pride. Services of Supply took a bow when *Roundup* revealed Brig. Gen. Thomas F. Farrell, former chief of the Construction Service in the theater, carried the first atomic bomb from the U.S. to the B-29 base from where it was flown to the Hiroshima target.

THE BRITISH had their share of colorful chieftains in the CBI war. Among them were Maj. Gen. Orde Wingate, Maj. Gen. Walter (Joe) Lentaigne, Maj. Gen. Francis Wogaung Festing, and Gen. William Joseph Slim. Lentaigne succeeded Wingate as the leader of the Chindits after that striking figure, as colorful as Lawrence of Arabia, died in an air crash on March 24, 1944. Both these men, especially the unorthodox Wingate, will live as long as history keeps tradition.

Festing, who commanded the British 36th Division, was, as Colonel Fred Eldridge put it, capable of bringing the Peeping Tom industry to higher levels, being six feet, four inches tall.

The story of Festing's first meeting with General Stilwell was a good one. Four-starred "Uncle Joe" looked up from his chair at the 36th Division commander, whose huge, raw-boned bulk filled the tent.

"Sir," asked Festing, "what are my orders?"

Stilwell was as laconic in answering.

"Take Pinbaw."

Without further ado, Festing moved toward the door to carry out the command and that would have ended the conversation had not Stilwell recovered from his surprise to hail him back.

Slim was commander of the British



AT KALAIKUNDI, India, General Wingate (left) and Col. Cochran (right) brief American and British officers on invasion plans to land at two places behind enemy lines in Burma. U.S. Army photo.

14th Army, which helped to smash the Japanese in Burma. He believed in helping the enemy to defeat himself. When eager airmen reported to him they were in position to destroy the headquarters of Jap General Sato in Burma and requested his word of permission, Slim replied:

"Never! It would be a disaster to Britain. He is so stupid I want him directing the other side."

Tales of handsome Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the cousin of the King of England, were plentiful; but the best one was told of a routine inspection tour over Burma by plane. As the story went, Lord Louis was over Burma in his plane when he looked down, studied his map, then asked:

"What river is that down below? I don't see it on my map."

"That's not a river, that's the Ledo Road," replied his aide.

Roundup headed that one "Old Man Road."

THERE IS one GI of CBI who rates a place here with all these generals and high brass, for not only was he a character of "reasonably magnificent" proportions, he was also, as he himself said, a "professional GI." The good he did will linger on for many a day and any evil he did will be entombed with his stripes. And it will be stripes. Many times he refused suggestions that he apply for a commission. The gentleman is Master Sgt. Fred (The Man) Friendly of Providence, Rhode Island, civilian radio man, *Roundup* reporter and writer, and top-notch lecturer who knew how to keep both GI and officer audiences enthralled.

"The Man," who disliked that nickname because he thought somebody might confuse him with Senator Bilbo of Mississippi, fought for the GI out in CBI for 21 months. He was almost arrested by a general in China for daring to scoop the civilian press, he helped rescue Gen. Jonathan Wainwright from prison (in fact, he gave the general his pants), and had the distinction of being awarded the Legion of Merit one minute and being bawled out the next for being in improper uniform.

The "reasonably magnificent" (his own term, applied to himself in jest) Friendly did a little drinking with "Blood and Guts" Patton, inspired "Uncle Joe" Stilwell's definition of a GI, bummed a ride in Lt. Gen. R. A. Wheeler's plane, plugged his program of "the GI forever and down with the caste system" to Lord Louis Mountbatten, and twice toured CBI, lec-

turing on Germany and Japan, both of which he went to see for *Roundup*.

Friendly was known over Southeast Asia. When Technical Sgt. Art Heenan went to Singapore to cover the Jap surrender for *Roundup*, SEAC GIs and British BORS wanted to know where Friendly was hanging out. It seems he had promised them all a PX. When Heenan stopped at an RAF bomber base in the Cocos Islands, grinning Dutch fliers asked him about Friendly, whom they described as "the big Irishman." Friendly, who was about as Irish as the Irish Rose's Abie, had told the Dutch some Irish dialect stories, Heenan found out, hence the confusion in their minds.

"The Man" flew with the Dutch, the British, the B-29s, and the P-61 Black Widows. He won the Soldier's medal for heroism at the Bombay fire. Of that he had to say:

"I just told a guy not to go down to the docks, that there was a big fire down there. So the Army says I saved his life."

Friendly rode the Stilwell Road with the first convoy to China, being injured so badly he almost lost a hand. Staff Sgt. Edgar Laytha of *Roundup* told what happened as Friendly was on the operating table at Col. Gordon Seagrave's hospital. Under the anesthetic Friendly counted clearly up to 38, faltered at 39, then called loudly, "Test!" Then he recited with a clear voice, and the dynamic intonation of which he was capable, *The Gettysburg Address* in its entirety.

Friendly's favorite character was "Uncle Joe" Stilwell, whom he termed the "GI's pal." His favorite anecdote, which he originated, naturally, revolved around Maj. Gen. Gilbert X. Cheves, former Base Section 2 commander at Calcutta. Cheves was a stickler for keeping the motors of trucks clean, and one of his orders was that all hoods would be hoisted when the vehicles were parked. Cheves got shipped from CBI, and the rumor was that Cheves had gone to Korea. When Friendly came back from his tour of Japan, he said he knew that Cheves was in Korea, for as he looked down from his plane, he could see that all the hoods of the jeeps in the country were raised.

When Friendly went to Europe for *Roundup* in the closing days of the ETO conflict, he tried to get an interview with Gen. George Patton. A public relations colonel of the Third Army snorted:

"Hell, you ask me to get you an interview with Patton and I've never been able to get in to see him myself."

But Friendly got in to see him — and without the aid of the colonel. Shortly after the linkup of Patton's forces with

those of Russian Marshal Tolbukin, Friendly learned of a reception for staffs of the American and Red Armies near Linz, Austria. Refused admission to the reception, Friendly met a Russian officer and told him he was a press representative of the American Army in India and Burma. He turned his "reasonably magnificent" style on the Russian for half an



WEARY SERGEANT Friendly speaks to GI's at Agra of his trip to Germany. In a few months, Friendly visited almost every Army base and installation in CBI.

hour, and he and his driver found themselves the only enlisted men at the party. He talked to Patton and came away blowing his trumpet for "Old Blood and Guts." He thus had fulfilled again his role of big wheel and big time operator.

Friendly related a good Patton story when he returned from Europe. He said that a ponton bridge was thrown across the Rhine when Patton's forces had moved up to the river. Leading his armored columns across the bridge, Patton stopped his tank in midstream and climbed out of the turret. Ignoring German artillery and small arms fire from the far bank, Patton answered one of nature's calls, and Friendly said that the "sacred waters of the Rhine rose two inches before 'Old Blood and Guts' climbed slowly back into his tank and roared on into Germany.

"The Man" ran into a little difficulty when he told this story in a 45-minute lecture at the Bengal Wing headquarters of ATC. Before he related this and other Patton tales to the audience, he inquired if there were any women in the audience. No answer. The story, as usual, brought a roar of laughter. But among the low male tones could be heard a loud and high feminine one. Laughter in that section stopped abruptly, and eyes turned to a

corner of the outdoor theater where an Army nurse sat camouflaged in a pair of slacks and a GI shirt.

Friendly, by the force of his personality, could command attention anywhere he went. No matter what the place or situation, he always had an audience. One would gather wherever he started to talk. If he walked into an office, soon all desks would be deserted, and a cluster of GIs and officers would be gathered around.

"Men," Friendly would be saying to all of the saucer-big eyes and open mouths, "Paris! I would gladly be a private to be stationed there. The made-moiselles! Kiss one and what does she say? 'Encore, monsieur!' Wine on the mess table! Champagne for jungle ration! Men, we ain't having it so good."

—THE END.

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14th Air Depot Gp.

● Your list of CBI stations on page 17 of the February issue left out Pantagarh, India, the site of the Eastern India Air Depot and 14th & 47th Air Depot Groups! The 14th later moved on to the Shanghai Air Depot where it was disbanded after Christmas of 1945. Would like to hear from any former members.

ROBERT G. SHEETS,
Rd. 2, Coraopolis, Pa.

Ride to Reunion

● Was stationed at Dum Dum Airport, Calcutta. Might be driving to the Washington CBI Reunion and would like to know if anyone would like a lift down there?

MARTIN LOWE,
40 Longview Dr.,
Eastchester, N. Y.

ATC Article

● Was with ATC in Tezpur for over two years and so far haven't seen an article about us yet. How about one some day?

ARTHUR LAYZELL,
Royal Oak, Mich.

23rd Fighter Group

● Would like to contact former members of the 23rd Fighter Group, in China during WWII, relative to a unit history now in progress. I am compiling this history as a hobby, not for profit. Need particularly photos of officers and men. Hope to be able to print the history at cost, but even if I come out on the losing end I don't mind as I'm enjoying it.

ALFRED CELLIER,
316½ 91st St.
San Antonio, Tex.

721st Ry. Op. Bn.

● Have one complaint to register. There is not enough mention of those hardy souls who kept the war going when the fly-



Barbara Hamilton and Friend

boys couldn't get off the ground, and who kept a steady stream of supplies Going to the Front, even when the fly-boys could get off the ground. I refer to the men who kept in operation the 700-odd miles of railway between Parbatipur and the hinterlands. I was with the 721st Railway Operating Bn. at Parbatipur where all goods were transferred from broad to meter gauge. Seriously, there were other troops in CBI besides Air Corps. . . . Am enclosing a snap of Miss Barbara Hamilton and friend. She hailed from somewhere in Ohio and was with the Red Cross in Kunming in 1944 when the picture was taken. It was taken by "Andy" Anderson of the 20th Photo Recon. and if anyone knows where Andy finally holed-up I would appreciate hearing. We were together at the base hospital at Calcutta. Best of luck with our marvelous magazine.

Dr. JOHN L. BEASLEY,
Davenport, Iowa



SOLID IVORY, hand-carved chair. This ornate piece of furniture is rare, even in India, costs a fortune. Rupees 12,000, sahib. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

BOOK REVIEWS



AMBASSADOR'S REPORT. By Chester Bowles. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1954. 415 pages. \$4.

Each time we picked up Mr. Bowles' book—and we didn't put it down very often—we thought about the CBI-wallah with whom we once made a trip up the Bengal & Assam railroad. When we stopped at a small station, with a long wait in prospect, he went out to a flat car on the back, and with mock bitterness about the way rotation was working, called on the populace to elect him Indian ambassador to the United States. Although few, if any, understood a word he said, the Indians roundly cheered him.

Every American of good will who has been in India will want to cheer Mr. Bowles' mission as ambassador to India and Nepal. The good he did for common peace and understanding between his country and India will live long after him, and whatever harm he did will be interred with his striped pants. It is a pity that this man, with his frank, friendly manner and deep faith in American democracy, can not be our envoy in all the world's capitals where concepts of Western liberty are tolerated.

Mr. Bowles, in listing a number of things which have caused the Indians both to like and dislike us as a people, says there is a reservoir of admiration and friendship among the Indian people because of the thousands of American soldiers who served in India during World War II. If his observation is correct, we should be thankful and proud of the distinction.

Only one CBI man is mentioned in the book. Mr. Bowles says that Albert Mayer, American architect who served as a soldier in India, made a proposal that caused the Government of India to begin a village improvement project which combined the Gandhian program of village development with extension service techniques of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Anybody know Albert Mayer? He ought to make an interesting story.

Ambassador's Report is interesting and readable from beginning to end. For instance, you can find out how India held the world's largest free election. You will be amazed at the ingenuity shown in having illiterates understand and vote their choices. You will like the anecdotes and

the every-day spirit of friendliness exhibited by the ambassador and his family.

We like Mr. Bowles and his report because every now and then he jarred our prejudices, and the reason he did, of course, is because we have faith in his sincerity and honest effort for American-Indian tolerance and understanding.

REPORT ON MAO'S CHINA. By Frank Moraes. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1953. 212 pages. \$3.75.

Frank Moraes, brilliant Indian editor of *The Times of India* at Bombay, is a shrewd observer. Once, during the war, Lord Louie Mountbatten gave a press conference in the jungle. After listening to the questions and comments of Mr. Moraes, Lord Louie paid him the compliment of telling him he knew more about what was going on in Burma than Lord Louie himself did.

Mr. Moraes in April-June 1952, at the invitation of Mao Tse-tung, made a tour of Communist China as a member of the Government of India's cultural delegation. Purpose of the hospitality, of course, was the hope of stimulating favorable comment about the Red regime.

Since Mr. Moraes is shrewd, as well as being a devotee of democracy, the effort, as far as he is concerned, failed. When he first arrived in Canton, Mr. Moraes says, the picture of China he had once known seemed to be out of focus. Something was wrong, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

Then, one morning, after being kept awake by mosquitoes all night in the Red government guest house, he found where the pattern was out of place. He remembered where he had felt the same way before.

"Many years ago in Fascist Rome," he writes, "I had watched Mussolini's black-shirted youth swagger through the morning sunlight with drums beating and flags flying. Then as now, the sense of something superimposed on a pattern old as time prevailed. It was harsh and horrid. It was the mating of bamboo with blood and iron."

Everywhere he went, Mr. Moraes saw the effect of a heavy totalitarian hand and bitter and effective campaigns of hate. He dwells upon the regime's systematic and ruthless indoctrination of children. Seeing little ones marching in the street, he asks where they are going.

"To a picnic," answers his interpreter.

"Robots on the road," writes Mr. Moraes. "It was incongruous and absurd."

The book deals with land reform, place of women in the new society, relations with Russia, and China from many other points of view.

INVESTMENT IN INDIA. Prepared by U. S. Department of Commerce. U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1953. 166 pages. 70c.

This document, one of a series of handbooks on foreign countries, contains convenient and basic information for anyone who is interested in the investment of capital in India.

The book contains 10 chapters, dealing with the climate for foreign investment, people and government, the economy, industrial policy, taxation, tariffs and other controls, finance, basic resources, transportation, communication, and labor.

Nine appendices are concerned with foreign trade statistics, legislation, rules and policy concerning industry, minerals, and income tax. India's Capital Issues Act of 1947 is included as an appendix, also Chapter 3 of the Tariff Commission Act of 1951. There is a list of reports of the Indian Tariff Board and also a list of companies located in India with U. S. business relationships.

The book contains 37 tables, showing everything from the population of India by zone and state to the duration, cause, and result of industrial disputes.

Four maps show India's administrative divisions, languages, and major railroads.

THE HILL OF DEVI. By E. M. Forster. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1953. 267 pages. \$4.

E. M. Forster completed *A Passage to India* in 1924. If for nothing else, he would live a literary immortal for that classic. Therefore, a new work by him is a literary event.

The Hill of Devi discloses much of the background and has much of the atmosphere of *A Passage to India*, so it is of special interest.

Mr. Forster first visited the Indian state of Dewas Senior in 1912. Nine years later he returned as private secretary to the Maharajah. This book is the story of those visits, told for the most part in letters written home to England.

The letters are neither as incisive nor as exquisite as they would have been, doubtless, had Mr. Forster been recording them primarily for the printed page. They have a peaceful interest, however, and in the interpolation and essays, he ties the ribbons on beautifully.

The book's central theme concerns progress toward final tragedy of His Highness, the Maharajah. In final analysis, it is a moving tribute to a man who was considered a failure.

The title comes from a sacred mountain which stands above Dewas city.

COME, MY BELOVED. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company, New York, 1953. 311 pages. \$3.75.

Pearl Buck's first novel to have India for its main locale opens in Bombay about 1890 at the Grand Hotel with the same authentic bearer talk that CBI-wallahs heard a half-century later.

David MacArd, American millionaire, moved by India's poverty, resolves to found a theological school to train young men as Christian missionaries. When his son decides to go to India and work on the ground for God there, his father becomes so angry he abandons his plans.

Olivia, whom the son loves, follows him when he goes to India. Their son, Theodore, not satisfied with the missionary's usual role, goes to live in one of India's dung-plastered villages among the poor and needy.

In the village, Theodore fails when he reaches the final demands of a spiritual existence. Father, son, and grandson each come a step nearer to the spiritual ideal, but it is a woman in the end who grasps the meaning and cost of man's eternal search for God. While sailing home to America, Theodore's daughter dedicates herself to the quest.

This novel's picture of India is vivid and correct.

OTHER ASIA BOOKS

The Conquest of Everest. By Sir John Hunt. E. P. Dutton and Co. (To be reviewed.)

With God in Red China. By F. Olin Stockwell. Harper and Bros. (To be reviewed.)

Nun in Red China. By Sister Mary Victoria. McGraw-Hill Book Co. (To be reviewed.)

I Left My Roots in China. By Bernard Llewellyn. Oxford University Press. (To be reviewed.)

Swing Full Circle. By Chesley Wilson. Harcourt, Brace and Co. (To be reviewed.)

The Dance in India. By Faubion Bowers. Columbia University Press. (To be reviewed.)

The Struggle for Kashmir. By Michael Brecher. Oxford University Press. (To be reviewed.)

Jungle Lore. By Jim Corbett. Oxford University Press. (To be reviewed.)

Indian Cookery. By E. P. Veerasawmy. British Book Centre.

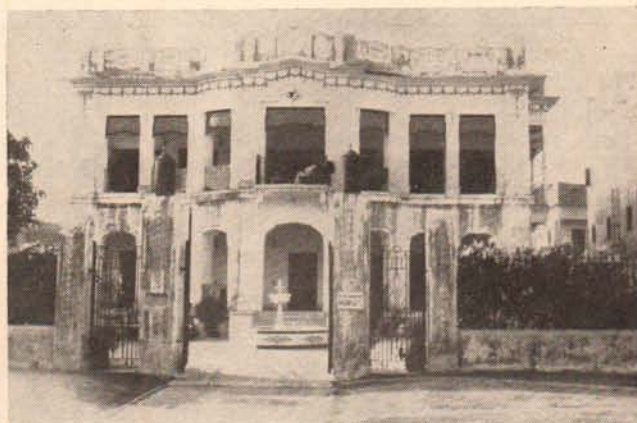
China Trader. By A. H. Rasmussen. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Seven Years in Tibet. By Heinrich Harrer. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Days of Yesteryear

● Being one of the original subscribers of our wonderful magazine, I have a beef to make about this guy who claims Roundup is published too often (March issue, page 28). Money and time claim so little when one can have so much for so little. Carry on your wonderful work. I am one of the original beefers who wished to transform the quarterly issue to a monthly and I did get my wish along with thousands of others. . . . All of us ex-GI's the world over had "not so good old days" in WWII, but contrary to those days we of the CBI are trying to keep in memorial spirit the few good things that linger from the past—comradeship, a bond that consists of men who guarded in all the typical fashion of the American GI—the battle stations of the CBI. . . . The staff of Ex-CBI Roundup is responsible for the immense pleasure we consume—every line, every picture are recollections of olden days of CBI gone by, days of yesteryear. Carry on your monthly issue.

ERNEST MORF,
Salt Lake City, Utah



THIS WAS HOME for nurses of the 112th Station Hospital in Calcutta. Photo by Sybil (Burchardt) Daley.

First in Shanghai

● The picture of Shanghai's Nanking Road (April issue) sure brought back memories. I'd be willing to wager a few Chinese dollars that this picture was taken from somewhere in the Park Hotel. Our Unit, 6th Air Base Comm. Det. Sp., was stationed in the Foreign YMCA building nearby and we had our radio transmitter set up in the small glass enclosed building over in the race track. We were some of the first American troops to arrive in Shanghai after the

signing of the surrender by the Japanese. We flew in from Chikiang in three C-47's and landed among cheering crowds at one of the airfields in the city. One thing I do remember quite clearly is that our transmitter failed to function and we were several days late in contacting Chungking, much to the dismay of our C.O. and also General Kennedy and his staff who made up the Advance Headquarters of the AAF in Shanghai.

R. J. LUEDEMANN,
St. Paul, Minn.

Gifts for Veterans Administration Hospitals ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS

Received in the past 30 days

FROM	TO V.A. Hospital at
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C. E. Kraner, Jr., Columbus, Ohio	Cincinnati, Ohio
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Neil L. Maurer, Laurens, Ia.	Des Moines, Ia.
Neil L. Maurer, Laurens, Ia.	Iowa City, Ia.
Dr. Marvin E. Engel, Frankenmuth, Mich.	Saginaw, Mich.

BACK ISSUES

R. M. Van Sant, Darien, Conn.	Ft. Howard, Md.
Thos. F. Fitzsimmons, N.Y., N.Y.	Bronx, N.Y.
C. E. Kraner, Jr., Columbus, Ohio	Cincinnati, Ohio
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Wm. Moerk, Chicago, Ill.	Hines, Ill.

Send a One-Year Gift Subscription to Our CBI buddies in V.A. Hospitals! Special rate to V.A.H. Libraries: \$2.00 per year. Back issues sent to V.A. Hospitals, 10c each, or \$3.00 for complete set.

Under-Statement!

● If anyone knows the whereabouts of Capt. Sam Loyd, formerly with the Army Graves Registration Service, I would appreciate hearing from them. . . . To say I enjoy receiving my monthly copies would indeed be the gross understatement of the year!

EMMETT DOWNES,
Evergreen Park, Ill.

Free Radio 'Spots'

● I contacted Radio Station WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va., in regard to giving Roundup some spot announcements. They have offered us 15. This station has nearly 200,000 home coverage.

DONALD V. SHAFFER,
Grafton, W. Va.

It Happened In CBI

In July 1942 my outfit, the 26th Fighter Squadron, was stationed at Panitola Barracks, Dinjan, India. A few days after a big 100-Jap-plane raid on our base, we were eating lunch in the mess hall when the air raid siren sounded. Everyone piled out in a hurry, most of us running up the big drainage ditch. When the all-clear sounded we returned to find that someone, in a big hurry, had run through the big screen window of the messhall.—
CURTIS PERRY, Dell, Ark.



Having heard so much lately on the theme of brotherhood, I should like to share an experience of mine in CBI. I was stationed at the Ramgarh Training Center, India. It was Christmas 1944. None of us were too happy so far from home at this season and it seemed worse to be in a country where Christianity was not the rule. You may imagine our surprise and pleasure at the following event: On Christmas morning our bearer entered carrying a piece of cardboard, covered with white flowers. It was a Christmas gift from he and his wife. She had cut the cardboard and sewn the flowers upon it, the whole piece forming a beautiful cross. We appreciated the gift even more because we knew that the bearer and wife were high caste Hindus. To us it was an example of the thoughtfulness and tolerance, characteristics so necessary if the Brotherhood of man is ever to be a real success.—GEORGE J. JOHNS, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

YOU MAY WIN \$5.00!

Contributions for "It Happened in CBI" are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth \$5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue. Winners will be notified before entry is published.

While directing a Red Cross club at Lekhapani, near Ledo, I had a personal Bearer who was a treasure — that almost unheard-of type — clean, honest, intelligent and, yes, industrious. A little Mohammedan boy named Sonbahadur, Sonny for short. I was lucky also to have a private shower at that time — one of those modern plumbing fixtures — a tin can with holes punched in one end. Only one faucet, of course — water always cold. But it was December, and I found that a cold shower in a chilly basha was warmer than a warm shower in a chilly basha. So, when my neighbor officers began using water heated by their Bearers in big lard cans on little homemade outside ovens, I stoutly refused to allow Sonny to do likewise. He approached me frequently for permission and with each refusal, shook his head uncomprehendingly — and perhaps sorrowfully? Then one day I returned to find a lard can full of steaming hot water, tended by the diligent Sonny, on his newly-constructed oven in my back yard! I capitulated to my (hot) Waterloo in good humor, because both Sonny and I knew that I had lost. I learned later that the officers' Bearers had been twitting Sonny about there being no hot water for bathing at "his" house, and Sonny — bless his embarrassed little heart — simply was not going to tolerate a dirty Memsahib! —
WREN BARBE, Wheeling, W. Va.



Winning Entry

Following V-E Day, when many CBI-ers were expecting to be sent home on points, a lieutenant in my outfit, the 14th Combat Cargo Squadron, was making his plans for return to the U.S. There seemed to be no doubt that he would be one of the chosen few. However, when replacements arrived and Stateside orders had been out, his name did not appear on the list. In disappointment and disgust he penned a short note home stating he had gotten the "Purple Shaft" with two oak leaf clusters. Resigning himself to his fate, the next month passed uneventfully with the lieutenant fulfilling his routine assignments as pilot flying The Hump. Then, upon receiving a letter from home one day, he discovered a small clipping from his home town newspaper stating, with pride, that the lieutenant had been awarded the Purple Shaft with two oak leaf clusters.—WM. NOYES, State College, Pa.

The Heart-warming story
of a middle-aged college
coed who spent 9 years
as a missionary in China

With God's Help —And Guts!

By Garff B. Wilson

Associate Professor of Speech,
University of California

THE UNIVERSITY of California is famous for its beautiful honey-blonde coeds with year-round coats of golden tan—but the most fascinating coed I have ever encountered is Ilma Ruth Aho, a middle-aged Finnish woman with careworn hands, husky shoulders and a broad Baltic face. Her story is a heart-warming saga of the lengths to which a human will go to achieve a worthwhile goal.

I first came to know Ilma Ruth in my Oral Literature class in 1949. She listened avidly, responded vigorously and often sent the class into gales of laughter with her lusty humor and forthright opinions. She wore no make-up; her clothes were cheap and simple. Yet, when she rose to recite, the class paid her the rare homage of complete attention.

Despite her pronounced Finnish accent, she reads English poetry with understanding, feeling and surprising fluency. Once she read from the great Finnish epic, *The Kalevala*, first in her native tongue, then in English. The class was spellbound, and so was I.

One day she came to me, her ice-blue eyes misted with tears. "I am very unhappy. I try and try—but I cannot get rid of my accent. Clerks in stores cannot understand me. They glare."

"Don't worry," I told her, "it's part of your personality. You can be proud of Finland. Besides, everyone in America has some kind of accent. People in Boston talk differently from those in New Orleans."

She thought about my statement for a moment, then gave me her quick smile. From then on she seemed cheerier.

Reprinted from The Reader's Digest, condensed from National Parent-Teacher, used by special permission.



One day I saw Ilma Ruth walking across the campus, waggling her finger before her face as she walked—as if conducting a Lilliputian orchestra. I asked her what in Heaven's name she was doing.

"Practicing Chinese characters," she said, grinning. "I am trying to make sure I remember the minimum 2,000. If I miss a single stroke I have to start over again." She had spent nine years in China as a Lutheran missionary, I learned, and was planning to return someday.

Ilma Ruth was born in Hanko, Finland, on the Baltic. Her father died when she was seven, and her mother was an invalid. After graduation from high school she worked to send her older sister through medical school. She longed to attend Helsinki University herself, but there was not enough money. When the Finnish Missionary Society asked her to go to China, she accepted the call.

From 1937 to 1946 she served as a nurse and missionary in China. These were years of invasion and war, and she endured countless bombings and heartbreaking refugee marches. From Dr. George Tootell, an American doctor who was in the same area at the same time, I've learned details that Ilma Ruth herself was reluctant to tell me.

She labored at remote, bombed-out mountain stations, attended the sick and dying, helped carry out the dead to make room for the living. She lived in mud huts, slept on a rough wooden board or a thin layer of straw. Her only food for

months consisted of potatoes, rice and wild turnips.

"I almost forgot what fish, eggs and meat tasted like," she said. "For five years I didn't have a single cup of coffee—and you know how we Finns feel about coffee."

Dr. Tootell asked Ilma Ruth to accompany another Finnish woman, who had cancer, from Changteh to Hong Kong for hospital treatment. By boat, train, truck and foot, the two women made the trip. They suffered intense cold; they were bombed and strafed; they were menaced by Japanese troops and Chinese bandits. When Ilma Ruth returned to Changteh she was emaciated, dangerously ill with dysentery.

But she stayed on. Worse than the physical suffering, she said, was her mental thirst. For three years at a remote station in Hunan she had absolutely no reading matter until an American friend gave her a copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and three copies of *The Reader's Digest*.

"I didn't understand half the words," she said, "But I read that one book and these three magazines so many times I practically memorized them."

Ilma Ruth worked later for the American Red Cross and the U.S. Army post office in Kunming. There for the first time she encountered American GI's.

"Those GI's were extremely kind to us missionaries from the Hunan mountains," she told me. "They gave us soap—a luxury after so many soapless years—and heavenly tasting cheese. And coffee—I even ate the grounds!"

After her ordeal in China, which shattered her health, Ilma Ruth Aho could have gone back to her native Finland and lived in relative comfort. She was then 42. But a dream was taking shape in her heart—a dream of a university education, in the United States.

She went to see the American Consul in Kunming. "Just *why* do you want to go to the United States?" he asked.

She thought her answer might sound a little hard to believe, but it was true. "My mind," she said, "is hungry. I want to feed it before coming back to my work here."

And so, in June 1946, Ilma Ruth Aho arrived in Boston aboard an Army transport. For two years she worked—in a summer resort in Maine, cleaning offices in Minneapolis, nursing in an old people's home in Omaha. By the fall of 1948 she had saved enough to enroll. She chose the University of California because she thought that study in its Oriental Lan-

guages Department would help her when she returned to the Far East.

Self-appointed advisors told Ilma Ruth that she was too old, that she had been out of school too long to adjust to college work, that she could not possibly study in a foreign tongue.

"But I reminded them that I had faith in God and Finnish *Sisu*," says Ilma Ruth Aho. "*Sisu* means something like stubbornness or guts."

On these endowments she was admitted as a special student. She obtained jobs sweeping floors, washing dishes, baby-sitting. She worked three hours a day, slept six and studied as much as 15. She allowed herself \$10 a month for food, and existed chiefly on beans and horse meat.

In her years on the Berkeley campus she bought no new clothes, but patched and pieced together her friends' castoffs. She went without stockings, and when her shoes wore out mended them herself. She could not afford to buy books, so she tediously copied material from library volumes. For note and theme paper she salvaged scraps from waste-baskets, later made an arrangement with the university's mimeographing department to obtain its spoiled sheets.

"My friends say they like to have letters from me on this paper," she chuckles. "They learn something about literature, science and government on the other side."

Somehow she always kept \$200 in a special bank account and never touched it. "It was to pay funeral expenses in case of an accident," is her simple explanation. "Alive or dead, I didn't want to be a burden to anyone."

During this period, however, she mailed more than 100 food and clothing packages to war-ravaged Helsinki. "Because I never shed a drop of blood for the liberty of Finland, I could give a few dollars," she says.

Her studies were a never-ending struggle. English was strange and difficult. She was terrified of examinations. But she kept fighting.

Then fate struck a fearful blow. She suddenly went deaf in one ear and began to lose her hearing in the other. Doctors said the trouble could be traced back to her sufferings in China. She tried to learn lip reading. She sat in the front row of her classes.

Ilma Ruth has always believed in the power of prayers; she regards God as her personal champion. So now she prayed that she should not go deaf. Gradually, miraculously, her hearing improved.

Ilma Ruth fought these battles mostly

alone. Christmas 1949 was the worst time of all. She had been invited to several homes by classmates; but she was ashamed of her clothes and made excuses. That day she sat alone in her little attic room with a stray cat in her lap, the numb ache of homesickness in her heart.

She completed the four-year course in three years, and graduated with honors, a Phi Beta Kappa key and election to membership in Phi Alpha Delta, the national honorary history society. As a graduation present a friend gave her money for a new suit. Ilma Ruth had never owned one, but she said to herself: "Anyone can have a new suit. How many, though, can own a class ring of a great university?" So she spent the money for a gold ring with a blue stone — and her first ice cream cone.

Ilma Ruth's thirst for knowledge was still not quenched. She immediately began graduate work and last June received her master's degree in Far Eastern history. She was offered a well-paid position with

the U.S. Government in the Orient, but she rejected it because the Lutheran Missionary Society needed her in Japan as a missionary. She will labor among the people who treated her so cruelly during the war; she will learn their language (her sixth), so that she can teach the Christian faith to her former enemies. This she must do, she feels, to repay God for his bounteous blessings of the past five years.

One day in 1952 Ilma Ruth came to my office. She was unhappy. She began by explaining that she suffered as God's will the disappointment of not returning to China, but that something else had come up: she had decided, on the counsel of her church advisors, not to pursue her original intention of becoming an American citizen. "You can do more good for the United States," they had said, "as a foreigner defending American democracy against the lies of the Communists than as a citizen."

This had led to what was bothering her. As a foreign student she had paid the university the \$300 annual fee required of out-of-state registrants when she matriculated. Then during that first year she had established residence toward U.S. citizenship, and it was not necessary for her to pay the fee during the following three years.

"Now that I am not going to be an American citizen," she said gravely, "my conscience says I have cheated the University of California out of \$900. But I cannot find anyone here at the university who will accept the money!"

She had written to the state Board of Regents, explaining her situation and offering to repay the money in monthly installments. She had been referred to the Registrar and then to the Cashier's office — but no one had given her satisfaction.

"That's why I have come to you," she said. "I owe the people of this state \$900."

My immediate reaction was to say, "Forget it." But I knew this would not satisfy her. So I made two telephone calls. To my immense relief, I learned that the university often waives the non-resident fee if foreign students are superior in their studies even though they do not plan to become citizens.

"Because your grades have been excellent," I was happy to tell her, "your fees have been waived." The conscience of this great woman of Finland was finally set at rest.

America loses a rare citizen in Ilma Ruth Aho, but the free world is the gainer.
—THE END.

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Likes Book Reviews

● . . . of course Ex-CBI Roundup is delightful reading from cover to cover, but the best feature to me is the Book Reviews. Sinclair's CBI phraseology used in the reviews always brings nostalgic memories, whether I buy the book or not.

RALPH J. SNEDGE,
Miami, Fla.

Air Corps Yarns

● How about printing a good story about the men who ran the air force in CBI? Seems to me there could be some darned good yarns spun about the air corps wallahs.

HENRY Y. PUGH,
Tucson, Ariz.

See "Those Wild Blue Characters" (Nov. 1952) and "Over The Hump," (July 1953), both by Boyd Sinclair.—Ed.

31st Sig. C. Bn.

● Happy to renew my husband's subscription. Don't know of anything he enjoys more than your interesting, warm, and memory-stirring magazine. He looks forward to it now just as much as he did a few years ago, and I myself enjoy the articles and stories very much. Ken was in the 31st Signal Hvy. Bn.

Mrs. KENNETH FATTON,
New York, N.Y.



USING PRIMITIVE methods, Indians plow the soil near New Delhi. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

MAY, 1954



AT A PARTY given by Gov. Lung of Yunnan Province, General Claire Chennault chats with Chinese General Yu Ta-wei, vice minister of war, as Brig. Gen. Frank Dorn eats his dinner. U.S. Army photo, Dec. 16, 1944.

Only Monument

● The March issue starts off with a picture of my own "Bloody Hatchet" Headquarters in Karachi. I'm the guy who stuck those two poles in front of that desolate-looking building, my only monument in Asia, I suppose.

Col. JOHN M. VIRDEN,
Wash., D.C.

Buried Alive!

● The "Buried Alive" story by Ellsworth Green Jr. in the April issue is excellent. Would it be possible to reprint the story in the International Magic Magazine. "The Linking Ring?"

JOHN PLATT,
Chicago, Ill.

Yank Effort in CBI

● Enjoyed "The American Effort in China-Burma-India" in the April issue, but surely you are in error to say only 526 Americans were killed in Burma during the war. Seems like it was common knowledge in CBI that the original Merrill's Marauders force lost something like half its men.

JAMES J. MYERS,
San Francisco, Calif.

The figure is correct, for all Yanks killed in the two campaigns in Burma.—Ed.

British Humor

● The poem, "Doing Our Bit for the War" in the April issue would indicate the British have a pretty good sense of humor, not true of the few I knew in CBI. . . .

HAROLD KEANE,
New Orleans, La.

Writer Found

● In the April issue I learned the whereabouts of one of the officers who wrote to us at the time of the plane crash that killed our son, T/Sgt. Edmund J. Stuckey, who was in the 1st Bomb Group, 14th AF. The plane crashed Nov. 29, 1943, near Malir, India. It was Gen. Julian B. Haddon.

Mrs. ANNA STUCKEY,
Streator, Ill.

1880th Engineers

● In reading Roundup, a chill goes through me. It brings me back to Ledo, India, where I was with the 1880th Engineers. Due to injuries and sickness I was forced to return to the good old U.S.A., where I was discharged. Actually, I was more sick when told I had to leave my outfit and return to the States. I haven't heard from any of the gang since those days in India and would sure like to hear from them. I am sure they'll remember me as the man who blew the whistle at 5 a.m. Thanks for a swell magazine.

JAMES L. DUNNE,
248 E. 23rd St.,
New York 10, N. Y.

No Fond Memories

● I enjoy reading Roundup particularly because it brings back very suppressed memories. I have no fond memories of my service in India, only with the men with whom I lived for more than two years overseas. I shudder to read the comments of many who express a desire to return to India some day. Count me out on any further trips to the Orient!

CHARLES L. KING,
Los Angeles, Calif.



HERE'S AN honest-to-goodness cobra and mongoose fight. You'll note that, while the cobra is entwined about the mongoose, the latter has a death hold on the cobra's upper jaw. The mongoose seldom loses. Photo by Curtis Perry.

Col. Reppel Named

● Lt. Col. John W. Reppel, who was with the Ledo and Burma Road Engineers, was recently named Chief Engineer of Maintenance for the Ohio Highway Dept.

WINFIELD BURKE,
Chillicothe, Ohio

Agra Air Base

● Would like to see Roundup publish a story on the Army Air Base at Agra, India. I was stationed at this base with the Air Transport Command. A picture story book was published late in 1945 about this base.

SAMUEL D. GRECO,
Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Not Off Base!

● Was very pleased to get two sets of tear sheets from Ex-CBI Roundup. One of these (Nov.) carries my account of the Unsoldierly Conduct at Victor George, the other (Jan.) Gene Sayet's reply thereto. I enjoyed Sayet's retort very much, but other than the fact that the name of that radio station had been changed to some meaningless jumble of letters and numbers (VU2ZV) by V-J Day — which it had — I couldn't find that he tagged me off base. If my memory serves, I can't remember anybody in the pesthole ever calling the beloved station anything but "Victor George." The magazine is great!

Col. JOHN M. VIRDEN,
Wash., D.C.

Chicago Basha Elects

● The Chicago Basha has elected its new officers for 1954. They are: Commander, Lochrane Gary; Vice-Com., Wm. Mathiesen; Adjutant, Wm. Moerk; Sgt. at Arms, Herb Glombeck; Public Relations, Ed Kovaciny; and Historian, Robert Gould. The Basha will have a Rally and Raffle May 21st and that evening will select their Rice Paddy Queen for the 1954 Reunion at Wash., D.C.

BILL MOERK,
Chicago, Ill.



Cpl. WM. C. BURWINKEL prepares to go for a ride in a broken-down rickshaw at Kunming. U.S. Army photo.



News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman

GAUHATI—Relics of 20 Hindu temples dating back to the 2,500-year-old Bodo-Kachari civilization of northeast India have been unearthed in Jogijan in the Nowgong district of Assam.

SHIGATSE, TIBET — The 16-year-old Panchen Lama is to receive a car from the Peking Government. Most of the inhabitants of Shigatse, Tibet's second city, have never seen a motor car. A specially selected driver has already left with the car for Kalimpong where it will be carefully dismantled and carried piece by piece into Tibet by relays of coolies. Some 20 coolies will be required to carry the chassis alone. The trek over the snow-bound passes will require about 20 days.

KARACHI—An attempt to burn down the Karachi customs building was foiled when police guards noticed smoke coming from a warehouse. The warehouse, stored with gold, currency, ammunition and other precious goods, was believed to have been set afire to cover a theft.

RANGOON, BURMA — Practically the whole town of Henzada, 76 miles northwest of Rangoon, has been destroyed by fire. The blaze on Feb. 1st lasted 36 hours. Over 8,500 families have been left homeless and at least ten persons killed.

KHARAGPUR — Damage estimated at nearly Rs. 15 lakhs is reported to have been caused by a fire which raged for almost three hours in the Eastern Railway medical stores here on Feb. 2.

DIBRUGARH — The management of the River Steam Navigation Co. and the Indian General Navigation Co. have notified the Government of their decision to close their passenger services on the Brahmaputra from Dhubri to Dibrugarh.

NAINI TAL, INDIA — In the 30 days ending Feb. 1st the city received 11 inches of rain.

CALCUTTA—Substantial concessions to West Bengal Secondary School teachers, who had been on strike since Feb. 10 (to Feb. 20th) have been made. The concessions envisage an increase of Rs. 10 per month in the initial pay of untrained teachers, thus raising their salaries to Rs. 60 per month (\$12.60).

CALCUTTA—With its shiny new paint and its brasswork gleaming like gold, the 100th railway locomotive manufactured at Chittaranjan was driven out of the workshops by Lal Bahadur Shastri, Union Minister for Railways and Transport.

NEW DELHI—The Anglo-Indian community, while realizing that English could not be the national language of India, had no intention of giving it up as their mother tongue, said Mr. Frank Anthony, the Anglo-Indian leader.

CALCUTTA—The four-day session of the All-India Educational Conference concluded in Calcutta. Among resolutions passed was one demanding that college professors' salaries be fixed at a minimum of Rs. 350 per month (\$73.50).

CALCUTTA—A naked man performing an impromptu flying-trapeze act on the topmost girders of the Main Howrah bridge dislocated the city's traffic for four hours on Feb. 7th. Huge crowds jammed the bridge approaches as he swung and swayed on narrow steel bars between two girders 350-feet up. Eventually a volunteer climbed up and persuaded the acrobat to lie down. Firemen later clambered up and found him asleep. They tied him up and lowered him to safety.

NEW DELHI — British film director David Lean arrived in Delhi after a few days spent at Agra and Fatehpur Sikri in connection with the filming of "Taj Mahal." The famous maker of "Great Expectations," "Oliver Twist," "In Which We Serve," etc., is now busily engaged in drawing up final plans for his first Indian venture. Lean is with Alexander Korda. Work on the new film will actually begin late next fall. Indian film stars will be chosen for the plot.

CALCUTTA—Four men were killed and 65 injured in violent disturbances which broke out in Calcutta Feb. 16th. State buses, and police vehicles and tramcars were burned, fire engines and private cars stoned, street lamps and traffic signals smashed, roads barricaded and shops looted. Police officials said the riot—city-wide—was one of the worst witnessed in Calcutta. Over 100 separate incidents were reported. The rioting began on Chowringhee Road, spread to the New Market area, Dhurumtolla street, Esplanade and Chittaranjan avenue.

NEW DELHI—Losses sustained by the Indian Airlines Corp. during the first four months of its existence have amounted to a little over Rs. 30 lakhs, an average of over Rs. 7 lakhs per month.



Commander's Message

by
Wm. R. Ziegler
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

With the splendid progress we are making, it is an inherited tradition that we set aside a day to give thanks. So I am devoting this message to one of THANKS.

We are thankful to Everett Bergman, State Representative in Ohio for a copy of a letter he wrote to Jack McConnell, our other State Representative in Ohio, which reads as follows:

"Salaam, Jack:

"First I would like to introduce myself. I am ex-CBI-er Ev. Bergman of Dayton. It looks as though we are former GI's who have broken all precedent by volunteering our services. I would like to think the two of us could come up with a couple hundred new members by convention time.

"I am of the opinion that our first task is to organize the state Basha out of which local units could grow. To accomplish this, we should compile a roster of all CBI Vets living in the State. The names could be obtained from a number of sources, such as our National Officers, the files of Ex-CBI Roundup and thru personal contacts. On completion of the roster I think it would be a good idea to compose a form letter and send it out inviting all to join the State Basha. I am in the printing business and would be happy to do this at my own expense. We could also appoint representatives in various cities to talk up the organization.

"I would like to think we could get

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together Jack, to go over your idea and work out some details involved. It seems as though I never have the occasion to visit Springfield, however, I could run over some Sunday. In the meantime, should you ever get to Dayton I might be found at the Craft Printing Service, 1554 Huffman Ave.

"With kindest regards and trusting to hear from you in the near future."

Sincerely,

Ev. Bergman

Sahibs—That letter is music to our ears, it typifies the true, sincere spirit that is necessary in all States in which we are not organized to get organized and be the organization that we should be nationally.

We are thankful to Danton Walker of the New York Daily News for the few lines he put in his column about our Washington Reunion. Many, many inquiries about the Association have come from this quip.

We are thankful to Gene Kelly of the Mutual Broadcasting Co. for mentioning CBI when he broadcast the World Series last year.

We are thankful to Milton Caniff for showing that good old CBI patch occasionally in his comic strip, *Steve Canyon*.

We are thankful to Brig. General W. Fritz Breidster of Milwaukee for sending us his roster of about 1000 names. Double Salaams General.

And last, but not least, thanks to all of you Wallahs that sent our Rupee Wallah Brauer your Rupees three for your dues. You've managed to get Gene off my neck, so if you haven't sent him your check, please reech Amareekan Rajah, do so now (so as to keep Gene off my neck.)

Of course, to mention our need for State Representatives is superfluous—I know—you just haven't taken time to write and volunteer, have you. Remember that famous word you used to use on your bearer in India "Jaldi, you !\$%&½c/?," Enuuff said.

Reunion time is drawing closer, only five months more and we'll again hear those wild tales that no one but a CBier will believe, and honestly, they're getting better every year.

Mark Washington, D. C., August 5th thru 8th on your calendar as a MUST.

Your obedient servant

WM. R. ZIEGLER,
Box 229,
Houma, La.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Gentlemanly Mountbatten

● Re "Mission With Mountbatten," by Alan Campbell-Johnson in the Book Reviews, April issue. . . . Lord Louie was (and indeed still is) a likeable member of the human race and was one of a small group of brass in British military and naval circles who had the "common touch," and yet commanded the respect of everyone under his command. No high and mighty popinjay, he (unlike a certain British general whose successes in Africa and Europe were more the result of subordinates' excellent planning than to his own much-vaunted military genius) was a man who knew the score and, knowing it could make allowances for human error with gentlemanly grace. Such as when a newly-commissioned lieutenant, recently assigned to Lord Louie's staff and reporting for instructions, marched smartly into his office to give the inevitable British Army crashing salute—or would have if he hadn't failed to observe a small oriental rug before Lord Louie's desk which, on the polished floor, landed him on his back, right at the Supreme Allied Commander's feet! It was a red-faced and embarrassed young man who



THIS CHINESE SOLDIER, receiving inoculations by Yank medics, does not appear to be enjoying the experience. Photo by Syd Greenberg.

scrambled to his feet to offer apologies, to see a grinning face and eyes twinkling behind an outstretched hand in welcome, and a laughing voice saying, "Y'know, many's the time I've held my breath when folk came in here." Two years later Lord Louie and the same officer met again. It was in Rangoon near the end of hostilities. There was laughter in his eyes as he recognized him and a wide grin on his face as he shook hands and introduced the officer as "the one man who could hold a salute as he slid under my

desk—quite an accomplished soldier!" Lord Louie will be remembered as a swell human individual by anyone with whom he came in contact, mainly, I think, because of an irrepressible sense of humor and a love of fair play, together with a courtesy toward others I have rarely encountered. As the lieutenant who slid under his desk, photo equipment and all, I have a real warm spot in my heart for a man who literally "pulled me to my feet" and will always regard Lord Louie as one of England's real gentlemen. And I know there are hundreds of thousands who feel the same.

ALEC TAYLOR,
Detroit, Mich.

Y-Force Colonel

● Having just discovered Roundup through a friend, I hasten to subscribe. My CBI experience was mostly in China with incursions into Burma with the Y-Force in the Salween Campaign and later into Indo-China with the Occupation Forces. I visited India, over The Hump, Calcutta, Karachi, etc.

Col. JOHN H. STODTER,
Ft. Riley, Kansas



FAMILY OF five Indians live in this miserable hut. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

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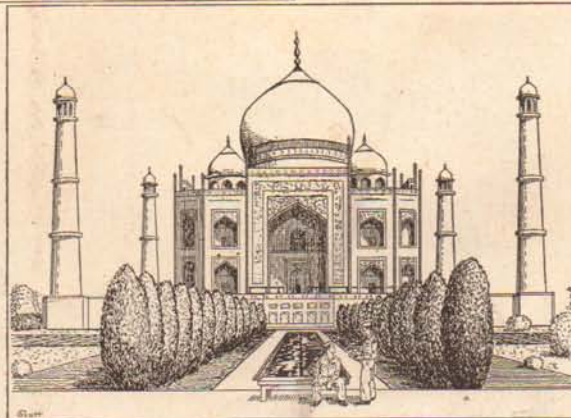
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THE ABOVE three sketches are: Kunming Gate, Kunming, China; Pagodas at Namhkam, Burma; and The Taj Mahal at Agra, India.